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it so, and it is our duty, on all occasions, to submit.

While we are thus admiring these pretty sheep and lambs, let us not, my dear children, be unmindful of the beauty of the meadow in which they feed. How green the grass looks, and how it is intermixed with a variety of pretty flowers! Run about, and see what you can gather. Bless me, my dear Charlotte, what a pretty nosegay you have collected! Every hedge-row and ditch now puts forth its decorations; and, in some instances, rivals the beauties of cultivated gardens. For every thing produced in gardens, you know, is the work of art; but here nature alone is concerned.

In like manner, as you have seen, that sheep and lambs are not suffered to live till they die of themselves, so neither are the grass and beautiful flowers suffered to remain till they wither. The mower will soon come with his scythe, and cut down every blade of it. The hay-makers
will

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will then come, and toss it about in the sun, till it be properly dried in the air, when they will then take it home to their barns, and there keep it, against those cold dreary months, when the fields afford no pasture for the cattle. Do not you remember, my pretty children, how highly you were both delighted last year, on seeing the merriments of harvest-home?

While the hay-makers are tossing the grass about in the sun and air, the seeds fall from it upon the ground, and there taking root, spring up again the next summer, and produce a new crop; but new meadows must be sowed with a proper quantity of these seeds.

Those beautiful flowers, my dear Charlotte, which you now hold in your hand, sprung likewise from small seeds, which were either mixed with the hay-feed, or blown by the winds from some neighbouring field. These flowers, when cut down and dried with the grass, not only
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